HAUNTS & CHILLS

Magazine

Issue One



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD ART BY CRAIG YULE THOMSON

AN INTERVIEW WITH LEGENDARY AUTHOR JOE AUGUSTYN

SPOOKY STORIES

DRINK RECIPES



EDITOR'S NOTE

Welcome, just in time for Halloween, this is the premier issue of *Haunts and Chills Magazine*! This magazine is focused on bringing you short stories and amazing artwork. It is it's own monster, one I believe you will truly enjoy.

In this edition, enjoy the talented work of Craig Yule Thomson. His art is based on the 1990's version of *Night of The Living Dead.* We also have an exclusive interview with *Night of the Demons* author Joe Augustyn. There are a few short stories sure to keep you awake at night including *Catch Me When I Fall* by Anthony Crowley, a SciFi horror short called *The Incident That Awakened Me* by C.K. and an unusual Twitter feed from a missing person entitled *The Final Tweet.*

Sit back and enjoy, and keep one eye on the clown in your closet tonight!

An ancient evil has slumbered for centuries. This Halloween, it wakes up.

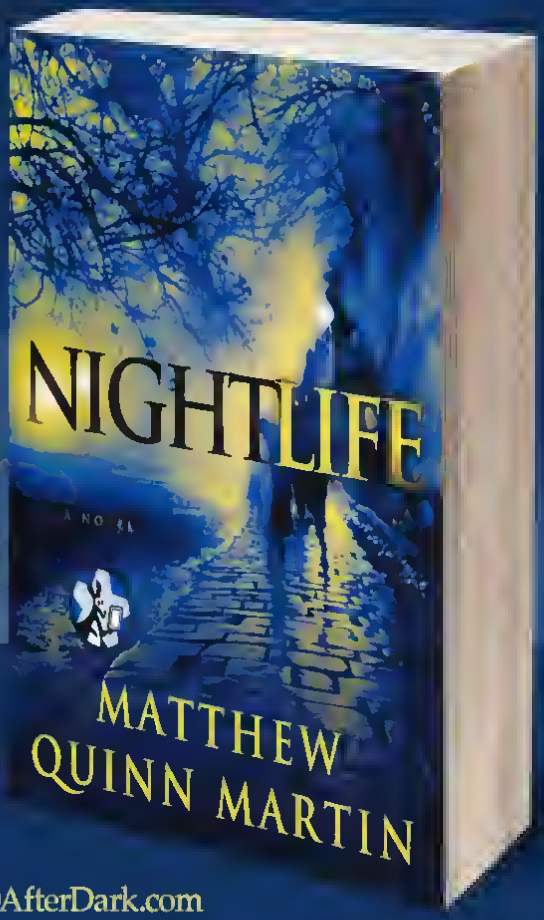
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AN INTERVIEW WITH JOE AUGUSTYN

Recently Haunts & Chills Magazine got to interview Joe Augustyn, famous for the film *Night of the Demons*. Enjoy this informative Q&A from the great mastermind writer.

1. How did you get your start as a writer and have you always been a horror-themed writer?

I have been a horror fan as long as I can remember. I grew up with four brothers and we loved scaring the crap out of each other. My brother Mike won the prize for best scare when he hung one of my mother's white nightgowns from a ceiling fixture in my brother Billy's bedroom. Billy went up that night and when he flicked on the lights he saw the white thing hovering over his bed. He ran halfway down the stairs where he collapsed, half laughing and half crying as he realized exactly what he had seen.

2. When did writing become a serious interest?

I started writing seriously after I graduated from The American Film Institute as a Producing Fellow, because I knew that if I wanted to produce or direct I would need to own a literary property. I could not afford to option a script or book so I had to write one.

3. Your film, Night of the Demons became a cult horror hit. Can you tell us how this film because a reality?

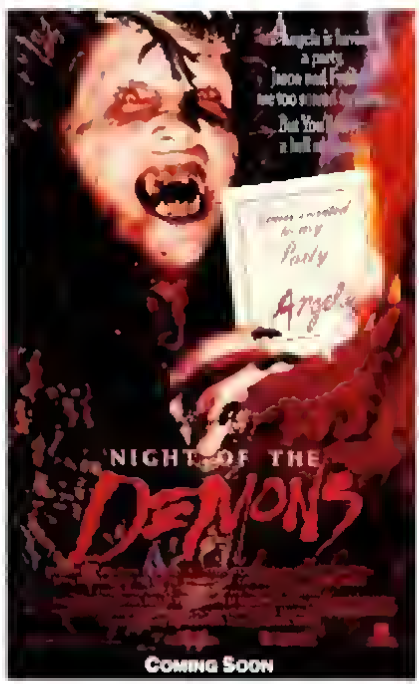
I wanted to write a low budget film with commercial appeal that would satisfy hardcore horror fans like myself. The first draft was a little darker but I was willing to compromise a little in order to retain as much control as possible. I wrote it during a long visit to my parents in Philadelphia, PA then returned to LA to shop it. I had real offers from several producers on the script which was then called HALLOWEEN PARTY. One was from Atlantic Releasing who had been successful with a movie called April Fools Day -- but they wanted to rewrite the ending so it was all just a dream -- exactly like the ending of April Fools Day. This appalled me, indicating what a lack of imagination they had, to be stuck like that on their first success.

Next David Giler made an offer. If I were smart I would have jumped on it. Giler was one of the producers of ALIEN. I decided against it because he wanted to rewrite it to take place in Transylvania and I saw it as an all-American story. From a career standpoint, it was a big mistake to turn him down, but I was naive about the importance of connections and the hierarchy in tinseltown.

Likewise it was foolish when I listened to my agent and passed up the next offer, which was from Steve Golin, who has gone on to produce several huge movies as well as the cable series TRUE DETECTIVE. Steve was a friend from AFI who had just founded his own production company PROPAGANDA FILMS, the first company to produce rock videos, commercials and movies using a stable of great directors.

Finally I heard about Paragon Arts, a small indie who at the time were floundering and were desperate to find a commercial screenplay they could raise money on. They offered me the most creative control and I bit.

I let them use the same director they'd used on WITCHBOARD but I was able to bring on my own casting director, because I knew Tedra Gabriel had a knack for finding great young actors who were attractive but also could act, and were not difficult or flaky to work with. She did a great job. I also was a very hands on producer, involved in every aspect of costuming, efx etc. We got very



lucky in all the creative departments, especially our location manager Ed Parmelee who found an incredible and inexpensive location, and EFX wizard Steve Johnson. Steve had worked with Dick Smith on big movies like Poltergeist but had recently started his own company, and we got a deal because we were the first to take a chance on him.

We ended up with a lot of production value for the money, and a movie that finds a new set of fans every year as teens discover it.

4. In 2008 Night of the Demons was remade. How do you feel about films that get remade or updated for new generations?

I don't have anything against remakes in general but I have nothing good to say about this remake. Period.

5. Recently you created two new stories, Dead Rain: A Tale of the Zombie Apocalypse and Ghostwriter: The Polaroid Ghost & Other True Tales of the Paranormal. Can you tell us a bit about each and what kind of projects you are working on now?

I've actually published two novels and one nonfiction book. THE NINE LIVES OF FELICIA MILLER is the story of a small town teenage girl who is badly assaulted by a gang of boys and left for dead. Rescued by a grandmotherly witch she is given the power to shape shift into any kind of cat, with ritualistic restrictions. She embarks on a campaign of feline terror to get revenge and rid the town of the evildoers.

DEAD RAIN is a classic zombie story in the George Romero slow-moving zombie tradition.



Both books have gotten excellent reviews from readers, more than one noting that they are very cinematic, which is only natural since I spent twenty years in Hollywood, so my story structure is inherently cinematic and my prose is very visual.

GHOSTWRITER is a collection of true ghost stories The first half of the book are my own personal experiences

I come from a family with Eastern European roots and a long history of paranormal experiences



The second half is a detailed accounting of a case in California of a house haunted by a spirit that communicates via Polaroid film. The case has been featured on several TV shows, heavily investigated by various investigators, and never debunked A friend of mine owns the house and I personally witnessed some unbelievable stuff there I was skeptical at first but after watching some raw video footage shot during one of the investigations by the SIGHTINGS TV crew, I became a believer I describe things I witnessed firsthand at a Halloween party at the house and there are dozens of Polaroids in the book illustrating the history and development of the phenomena

I'm a firm believer in the spirit world and in the book I offer to take a lie detector test concerning any of the things I have described in the book

People suspect that because I am a horror writer that the ghost stuff is made up Not the case In fact, I think that creative people might be more open to experiencing psychic phenomena as part of the right brain vs left brain thing.

6 Who were some of you biggest inspirations and mentors?

I grew up on indie horror films including the great Hammer films The first books I can remember reading as a boy were Ray Bradbury's Something Wicked This Way Comes and books about witchcraft filled with woodcuts then books about JB Rhine and the paranormal Charles Fort's books on weird phenomena fascinated me. I was a very straight laced child (I actually fantasized about growing up to be an accountant) but I was drawn to all sorts of dark and weird things

7. What was your most challenging project?

The second and last movie I produced was NIGHT ANGEL, based on the old legend of Lilith I wrote it before the Lilith Festival was a thing -- it was the first film ever made about Lilith There

was so much physical exertion and emotional torture dumped on me that I contracted Chronic Fatigue and wound in bed for six solid weeks at the end of production. Then to top it off, although the film had a bunch of cool efx and might have had a chance to succeed in the market, its chances were killed by sleaze bags in the distribution chain. It can be found and I'd recommend it as a curiosity if you can find it.

8. If you had to experience being chased by a creature, who would you prefer to run from your life from. And why?

My next book is about vampires. That would be okay. But I'd have more fun in a zombie apocalypse. I'm not a bad shot with a pistol.

9. What do you do in your downtime when you are not writing?

I'm an old tired bachelor, a little too weird to be hunting for a mate at this point in my life. So when I'm not writing, which takes up a huge amount of my time, I watch movies or cable shows. I'm loving The Strain and The Walking Dead and Z Nation, but also Boardwalk Empire and similar shows. I also got into football late in life (after hating jocks for many years) and am a Philadelphia Eagles fan. They never go all the way but they always are entertaining to watch.

10. Any words of wisdom or advice for young people trying to get into writing as a career?

Go to **horror.org** and look into joining the Horror Writers Association on some level. It's THE group dedicated to horror with every major horror writer a member. There are perks and contacts and advice, well worth the membership fees.

But be aware that it is an extremely tough life. There is more competition than ever thanks to Amazon's publishing programs. Like all the media arts, it's easier than ever to do, but harder than ever to make a living. You can publish books or make videos quite cheaply, but getting people to buy or rent them is almost impossible unless your Stephen King or Stephenie Meyer or J.K. Rowling who benefit from big promotional pushes.

If I were starting out today I'd consider learning to produce games or apps, and apply my creativity to content in those areas.

Contact information on Joe Augustyn:

Membership Outreach Coordinator of The Horror Writers Association (HWA)

Website & Blog: http://wildcatpress.net

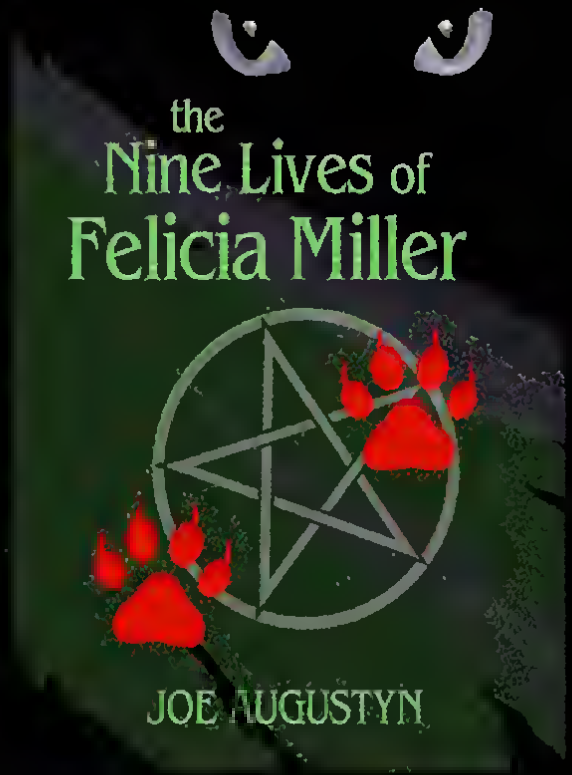
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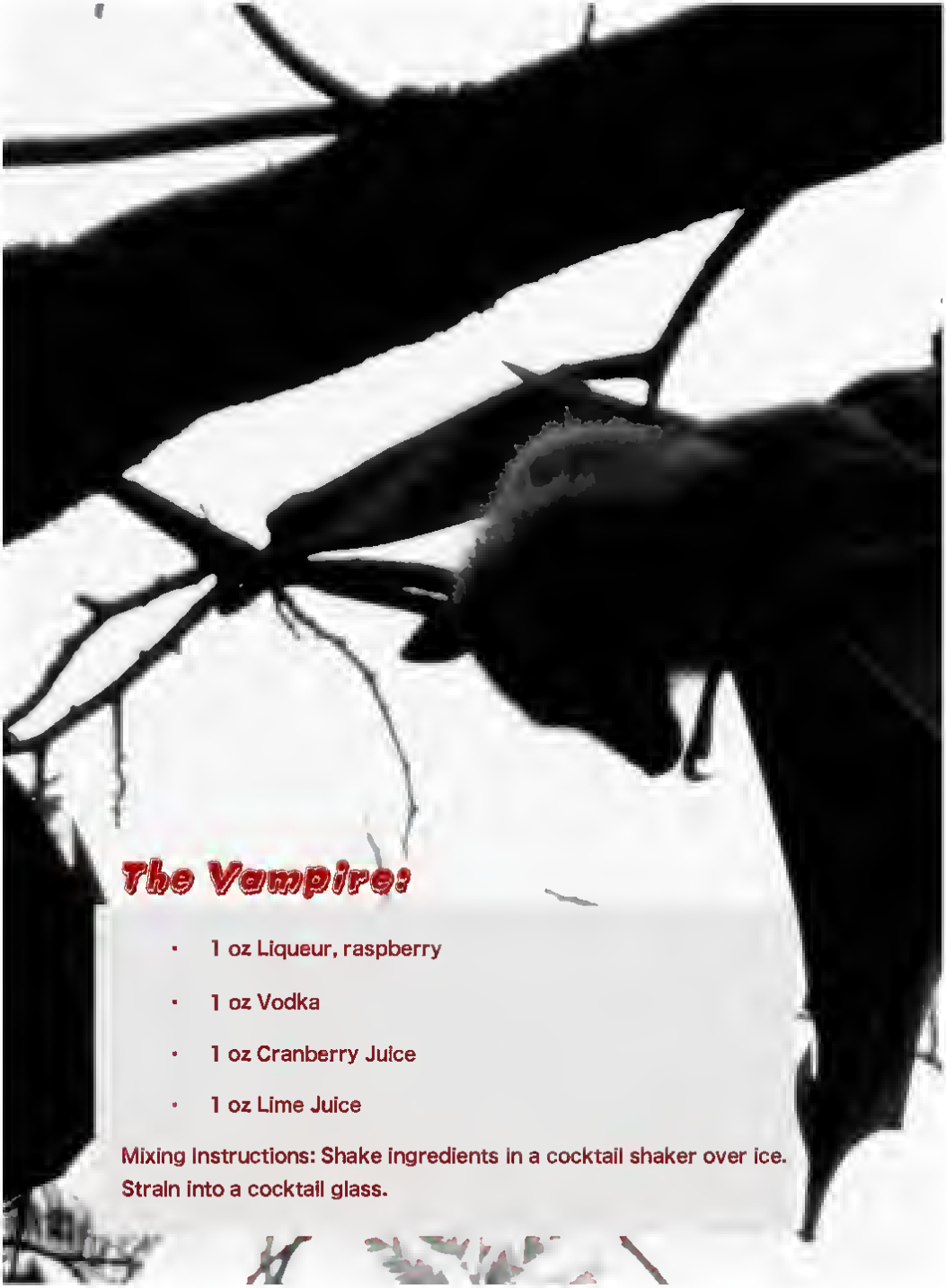
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The Vampire:

- 1 oz Liqueur, raspberry
- 1 oz Vodka
- 1 oz Cranberry Juice
- 1 oz Lime Juice

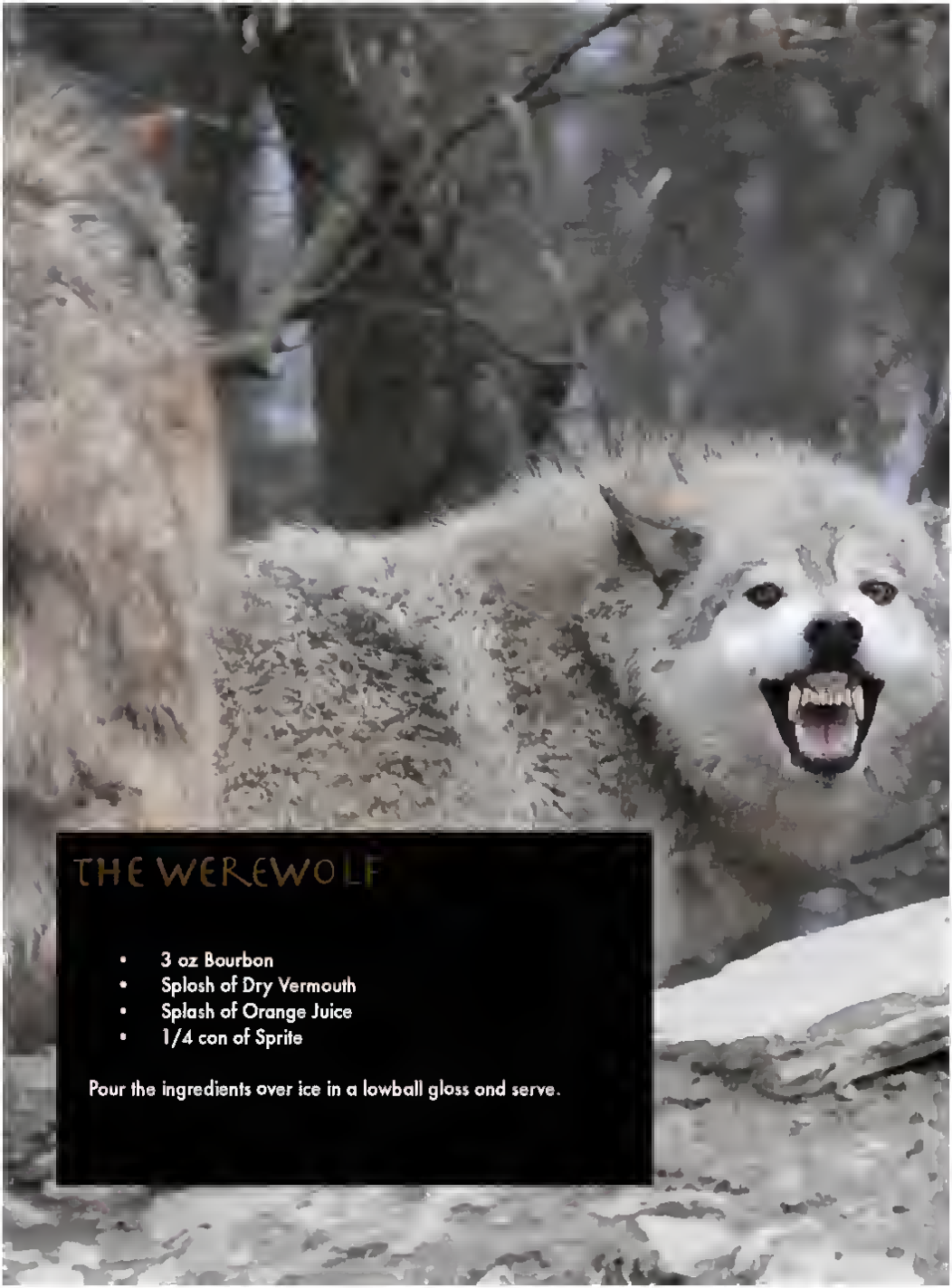
Mixing Instructions: Shake ingredients in a cocktail shaker over ice. Strain into a cocktail glass.



THE ZOMBIE

- 1 OZ COCONUT RUM
- 1 OZ DARK RUM
- 3/4 CUP VODKA
- 3/4 CUP ORANGE JUICE
- 24 OZ(2 CANS) MOUNTAIN DEW SODA
- 1 OZ GREEN CURACAO LIQUEUR
- 2 OZ PINEAPPLE JUICE

MIXING INSTRUCTIONS: COMBINE INGREDIENTS INTO A 1/2 GALLON PITCHER. STIR. POUR OVER ICE IN A HIGH-BALL GLASS.



THE WEREWOLF

- 3 oz Bourbon
- Splosh of Dry Vermouth
- Splash of Orange Juice
- 1/4 con of Sprite

Pour the ingredients over ice in a lowball gloss ond serve.

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"Totally un-put-down-able... Vandcast's book is pure 'gravy'-- I savoured every moment of it..."

"...an exciting fictional world that is defined by a well-refined writing style and clever character interactions."

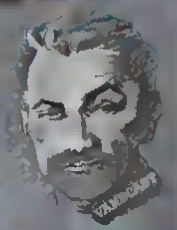
"Absolutely brilliant!... No same-old, same-old 'Cowboys and Crooks' story.... realistic horror..."

"Terrific writing, an engaging (not to mention frequently chilling) story.... it's like Stephen King meets 'Tombstone'."

"...hard to put down for even a minute ... Cane's character is brilliant."



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THE FINAL TWEET

The following is a transcript of Twitter account @mode09. Authorities are looking into the disappearance of the account holder. If you have any information please call the PA State Police.

Can't wait to go to Steve's party tonight! Going to be the beat party of the year. Fall is finally here! #DrunkTonight

Oct 11, 6:03 PM

Getting some Mountain Dew and snacks at the gas station with Chris. Long drive up to Steve's Fall Pumpkin Party. Who's Jealous?

Oct 11, 7:14 PM

Man I forgot how far out in the middle of nowhere Steve's cabin is. Chris is taking these back roads like a speed demon!

Oct 11, 8:22 PM

Woah!, we almost hit a large dog or wolf crossing the road! I think it was eating something dead...#GNASHINGTEETH

Oct 11, 8:25 PM

Just pulled into the field by Steve's house, finding a damn place to park. Place is packed! We are here bitches! Let the party begin!!

Oct 11, 9:36 PM

@SteveXJA Thanks for the killer night! I'm glad Chris is ok to drive. I'm not...

Oct 12, 1:26 AM

So hungry I could eat an entire horse to myself. Hope we see someplace that's still open #Chris-GetmesomethingtoEat.

Oct 12, 1:50 AM

So sick on apple cider and gin shots and ghost sugar cookies....

Oct 12, 1:55 AM

Change of plans, Chris's aunt has a cabin a few miles from the next exit. We are heading there too tired to come back tonight. Need to sleep

Oct 12, 1:59 AM

Just got here, ready to crash. Darkest road leading up to the darkest cabin on the darkest night. See y'all in the am.

Oct 12 2:23 AM

One last tweet, everything smells like mothballs. Guess it's been a while since somebody has been out here.

Oct 12 2:30 AM

I'm so sick at my stomach and Chris keeps tspping on my window. I just want to sleep. Chris plays too many games!

Oct 12 2:49 AM

Chris is an ass. I heard a loud thunk against the window. Keeps waking me up. Why would Chris go outside?

Oct 12, 3:12 AM



Shit just got real, thought I saw someone's face pressed against the glass window. Too big to be Chris. If anyone is reading this call 911

Oct 12, 3:15 AM

Holy shit! My cell is not getting a signal. Please anyone if you can read this please call the police!

Oct 12, 3:17 AM

There was a loud beng trom the back door and Chris ia acreaming. I tried to peek out but something large has got Chria. Please aend help...

Oct 12, 3:17 AM

I can't hear Chris anymore! Locked my room door. They are trying to torce their way in. Please anyone call for help! I think we are in

Oct 12, 3:19 AM

OMG! I don't know where we are...I can't stay here going to go out the window, see it the police can track my location from these tweets

Oct 12 3:20 AM

HELP ME!! I am bleeding from jumping through the window. WTF happened to Chris?

Oct 12 3:25 AM

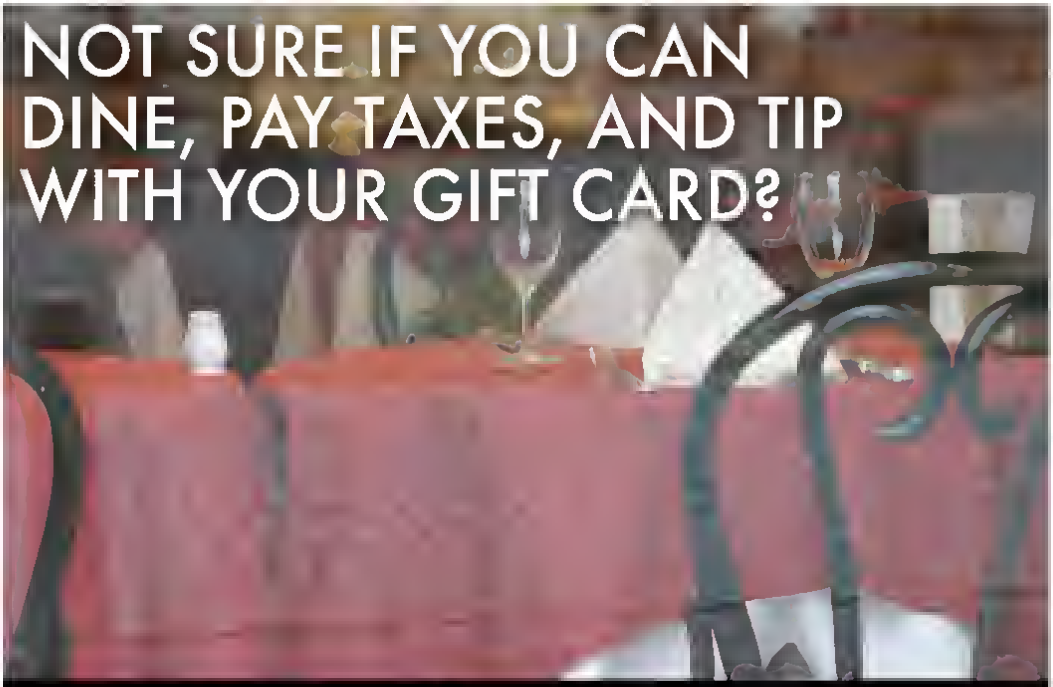
OMG I can hear something coming towards me, gotta go deeper in the woods. SEND HELP NOW!!!!

Oct 12 3:28 AM

I fdpofdpfmmmpdfddf;dd;f

Oct 12 3:31 AM



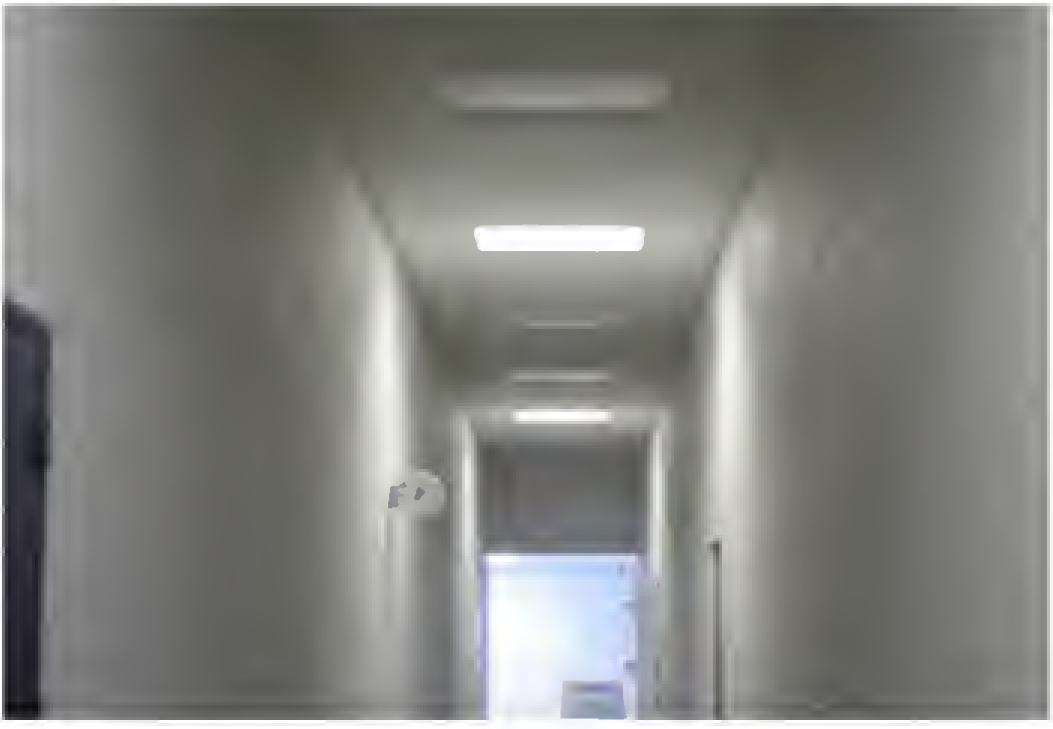




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CATCH ME WHEN I FALL

Today was a day like no other usually on a week day morning you can hear the playful birds chirping in the timid trees and the cheerful people who pass you by on the street without a moment to smile and be thankful to be alive Alive you may ask yourself well this small town is controlled by something which your own thoughts will tell you otherwise A spiralling daydream of thinking what is real in this world and what isn't

"My name is Theodore Ashworth I went throughout my teenage life without a care in the world and home felt peaceful and stable where I would regularly feel content sitting down in front of the television set watching my daily programmes of dramatized wrestling events I think my family loved me, but I never felt sure I woke up imagining the worst possible situations would happen and to my baffling knowledge that did happen Even the worst scenarios would happen beyond my control"

Theodore was approaching his 18th birthday, he surely didn t want the usual neglectful given thoughts instead of yearly gifts which many of loved siblings would receive The constant frustration he felt as soon as he crawled from that rust-filled bed The bedroom was a shackled zone of filthy debris and the previous week's stale food intake flaked heavily into the thick woven carpet while the stench immensely circulated the cracked walls Theodore or 'Teddy what his abusive father called him while sending him to bed early with endured punishments supposedly of a religious nature Theodore remembered how he killed his Father on that blistering summer's day You could smell the roses in their blooming display along with the gathered swarm of flies danc-

ing around the exposed cadaver decorating the floral bed.

"Oh Father, ha-ha, Earth to earth, ashes to ashes is true" smirked a devious Theodore staring winningly at the heaped soil disguising his deceased Father.

He suddenly began coughing nervously and urinated upon the flies surrounding the rotting body. "That is the last time you feel my warmth" angrily smiled Theodore as he strolled back into the house. Animal cries apparently came from one of the three bedrooms. Doors creaked loud with drips of water echoing with a splash appearing from somewhere. A sense of insecurities made Theodore twitch nervously, he slammed every door with thunderous anger. He approached the second bedroom door observing an Indian wind chime freely hanging soaked with slithering entrails and blood stained markings it was clearly a selfish act. Suddenly what smelled like an abattoir was a scene of slayed puppies piled on top of one another like a fallen Noah's ark. A shuffling noise came from under the bed and what sounded like was a timid cry for help. A lonesome puppy with a coating of crimson whiskers slid from under the old creaking bed. Must have been a sacrificial season for his now deceased daddy, torment was a haze of yesterday, anger began to take hold of Theodore.

He couldn't deal with any more dire sounds of suffering; he already lost his slutty mother to the "cobwebs" who live down the street. A local street gang of corruption and drug trafficking, no surprising Theodore's father his dead; he would have sold everything to spiral even deeper into his uncontrollable habits. Hatred became a modern living arrangement from this day forward for Teddy. Emptiness began to envelope all around him, skies without a single bird in flight; traffic was at a minimum of noise. Everything appeared visually distorted and fragile.

"Hey. You there!" a voice signalled from down the hallway.

Teddy rotated his troubled head, but nobody was to be seen. He clenched his fists and could see disturbed images appear as a disguise in his vision.

"Leave me alone. Stop it!" said Theodore confusedly.

The following morning of sunrise quickly approached. Theodore had an important meeting with his college lecturers to discuss the curriculum and his current grades. He always felt close to his Science Teacher, even though mentally he had an uneasy feeling about Mr Rufus, especially during weekend afternoons of playing games of 'hide and seek'. But those days weren't the same since that moment Theodore held a knife to his teacher's throat with his soaked pants heavily fallen to the ground. The bus arrived within minutes. Many former students and the usual bikers hanged around the left side of the campus; 'smoker's corner' was located at the opposite end. Theodore recognised an old friend; he hasn't seen her since he was diagnosed with Schizophrenia. She was his safe haven; he could always run to her for a peaceful understanding. Her nickname was 'Blowing' Bonnie; she often had the pleasurable routine of relieving students from educational duties. Theodore could only see the innocence in her, reminding him of his sister, but the atmospheric climate soon changed when father tortured her on the first day of spring, dead flowers never looked the same as their previous blooming arrangements. He stormed straight through the doors while walking passed Bonnie. She was pre-occupied with other deceitful liaisons.

"There you are We wondered what happened to you Was your bus late, Theodore?" said, Mr Rufus hesitantly The students headed back to their classes while both of them went straight into the classroom Mr Rufus followed behind Theodore and quickly slapped him on his buttocks insisting on him to hurry into the room Trembling with confusion and fear of the unknown, Theodore hurried his pace into the room

"Take a seat Where is your Father? He should have attended with you on three occasions now This isn't good enough, Theodore, we have to contact the local authority about this!" said the school head mistress

Theodore at this point was nervously twitching in his seat and eagerly wanting to escape this room of four school officials The suffocation was becoming overwhelming the expression of their stare was like an image of crushing hammer The worldly glare from his eyes couldn't feel more suffering inside His heartbeat escalating quickly, breathlessness soon followed Tormented voices called out into his fragile mind, rage was the first resolution he realised, and Theodore grabbed his chair and swung it across the seated teachers The quickening of rage began to circulate even further "Leave me alone!" shouted Theodore The room had an expression of coldness and fright along with the fragrance of terror and blood He immediately stormed out of the room, a situation of spiralling flashbacks of yesterday triggered a climatic rage of fury A mental scene of depravity forced his emotional behaviour to create an imaginary audience of friends He drifted into a state of confusion heading towards the entrance door, rotating his head on alert for oncoming people The world seemed to appear like a fallen sky filled with clouds of paranoia attacking Theodore s mind control Further down the right side of the street he noticed a hunting store, without hesitating and observing oncoming traffic, he dashed across the main street Incoming commuters and heavy goods vehicles were in a rushing hour, beeping of horns alerting him, but he took no notice In fact the sound suddenly pressed down on his ears like a mental interference He wanted to seek and destroy the atmosphere surrounding him He forced his way into the store and observed an elderly couple was stood near the hunting knife counter An instant reminiscing thought of grandparents came to mind Theodore s grandparents were protective over him as a child they knew what situations were rising surrounding his Father Once again, the evil aftermath of "Teddy's" Father delivered soul destroying memories at the disposal of them In mysterious circumstances When the search of the grandparents began the only clue solved from a tip off was the recovery of a pencil case wrapped in cellophane upon the revealing of teeth and finger nails It featured "Bugs Bunny" with a weapon of heroism within his grasp and a caption which read 'What s up Doc?'

Back to the present day

Theodore stood gazing directly through this elderly couple and he could see a flickering light a guiding light but the illumination was the reflection of a fifteen inch fisherman blade He immediately overcomes a sense of hypnotising allure to have this shiny protector close to him He was nothing more than a shadowed existence upon a one road torment He asked the elderly couple if they had any spare money, the response faded into a blackened prying vision He tackled passed the couple to retrieve this shiny implement Raging through the streets upon a personal institution within him, a visual breakdown war has just begun The identity from his peers was a mere a lost cause, the will to live was a constant change, a battle with evil entities within He strolled with a rampage with his fake super hero footsteps down the street, onlookers staring like social vultures One will for acceptance vanished into the distance, constant voices speaking to

him, which were once imaginery lonesome friends from childhood escapes. But, what was once a social entertaining suburb resurfaced into a devious circus of street performers and the worst kind of overbearing laughter.

Theodore started running like an athlete and not considering pushing people to the floor, it looked like a scene from a bull fight in an amphitheatre with a loud audience throwing objects, but in this case words of bitterness and hate were being broadcasted., finally reaching the end of the street amidst the furious crowds of irritating noise which furthered a conclusion of sunken shipped emotions and the unknown focus for a brighter tomorrow. A new dawn captured Theodore, A larger than life feeling wrapped around his fragile mind he wanted to replace a postcard of bad memories from his lost past. An Angel of protection he wanted to be, erasing the negativity and surreal moments. Theodore lifted his head and noticed a beautiful pattern like a prism of colours, as a child he felt comforted with colourful art and it made him feel at peace. Slowly the noise and overbearing anger soon faded away into the distant heavens. He felt he had to head towards the roof of this twenty five storey building. Nothing felt more fulfilling, still weak and trembled with thought. He quickly climbed his way upwards into the side entrance of the stairwell. His current state of mind was a journey of ambience and comfort within a trance; he was more at ease and deciding on the only way out of his life. He needed an angelic protection; headaches were getting worse, no more pain and regular depression pills. This was the path of dreams he was waiting for. Finally reaching the end of the stairs, he could feel a comforting breeze and the welcoming skyline of arms of his departed loved ancestors. Darkness became a distant dream, a greeting of light from the blade in hand and the protection of the vision of peers. Without a moment to lose upon the concreted rope, balancing with an excited fearful cause. He didn't feel like a circus freak any more, but a chosen flame of tomorrow. He suddenly felt lighter, a winged angel he surprisingly became. The feel of a quickened breeze against his scared sacred flesh, but it all began to change into a burning sleep of fire. Angels were replaced by the demons of the underworld. The reaper was ready and willing for the welcoming. The opening of the earthly ground was a beginning of a deserted road in oblivion. Soulful and lifeless in a different world, observing his once departed life, and the streams of blood trickling through his broken statue. An immortal child of tomorrow he has now become, no tears, just a crimson rainbow with no gold at either end, just the grim reapers homage calling.

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Read more of Crowley's works:

"Tombstones" & "The Black Diaries (Volume One)" -New edition out now !

"The Light of Keeps Passage" also available!

The Mirrored Room - Novella coming December 2014

For the latest Anthony Crowley bibliography, please
visit http://www.amazon.com/ANTHONY-CROWLEY/e/B0048E5L3K/

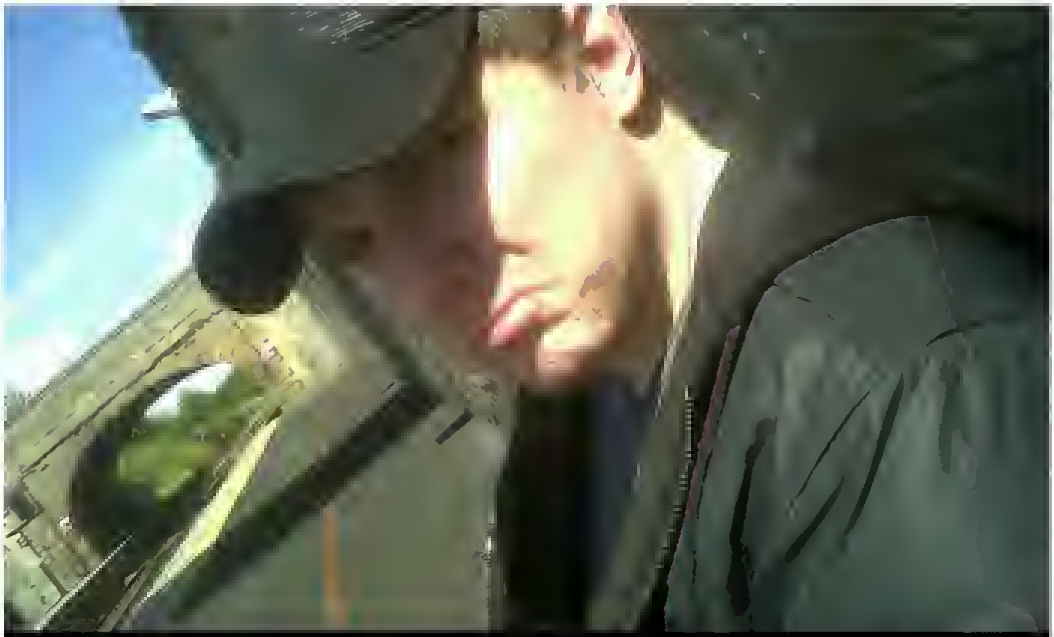
Haunted after Dark Issue Seven out now, featuring "Crowley's Crypt"
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ARTIST CRAIG YULE THOMSON

Craig has been drawing as far back as he can remember His dad was a comic collector so his house was constantly full of hundreds of comics and ever since he was a young child, he was always fascinated by the artwork styles in the comics Craig started out copying the Marvel and DC characters and illustrations specifically Batman and Spiderman who were his favorites A few years later he discovered anime/manga such as " AKIRA" "FIST OF THE NORTH STAR", "NINJA SCROLL" etc and just thought they were the coolest pieces of animation and art styles he had ever seen! He had a strong desire to be able to draw like the style of characters in the animes so he would sit in front of his television and pause the video to copy the characters From that moment on Craig became a die hard anime/manga fan and learned how to draw all the different anime styles

"My parents were dead laid back with what kind of movies I watched as a young child I remember being as young as 4 and watching films like Dawn of the Dead, Return of the Living Dead, The Nightmare on Elm Streets, Hellraiser, The Thing, Friday the 13th's, American Werewolf in London and



tha all the clasaics such as Dracula (who is my all time fave horror icon) Frankenstein, atc. When I was about 8, thay let me watch The Exorcist for tha first time and I was so terrified! I hadn't seen anything like it! It was just majorly different from any other kind of horror film. I had to sleep in my brother's room for about 2 weeks after seeing it! Lol! Today, The Exorcist is one of my all time favorite films right in my top 5 along with Jaws. I love all things horror and my love of my horror films influances my drawings. I love drawing things of the dark and macabre its just so much fun :) Also I have a strong interest in the paranormal and love reading up on books on subjects from ghosts, spirits, poltargaists, hauntings, tha afterlife, demonology, myths and legends atc. I live a 40 minuts drive from Edinburgh and its known as one of the most haunted city's in the world so its not short of haunted graveyards, underground vaults or dungeons. I used to spend a lot of my time there on ghost hunts."

"The last 5 years I was at college and got my diploma in Film and Television. My dream in life is to be a film maker, writing and making my own ideas specifically of the horror genre. I have dozens of ideas! I would love to work in animation or comics! I've even got a couple of idaas of comics I would like to make eventually in tha future and would even love a job as a film story board artist! But let's see what tha future brings - getting paid to do what you love to do is tha way to go! :) "

Enjoy some of Craig's talented work depicting *Night of tha Living Dead 1990.*





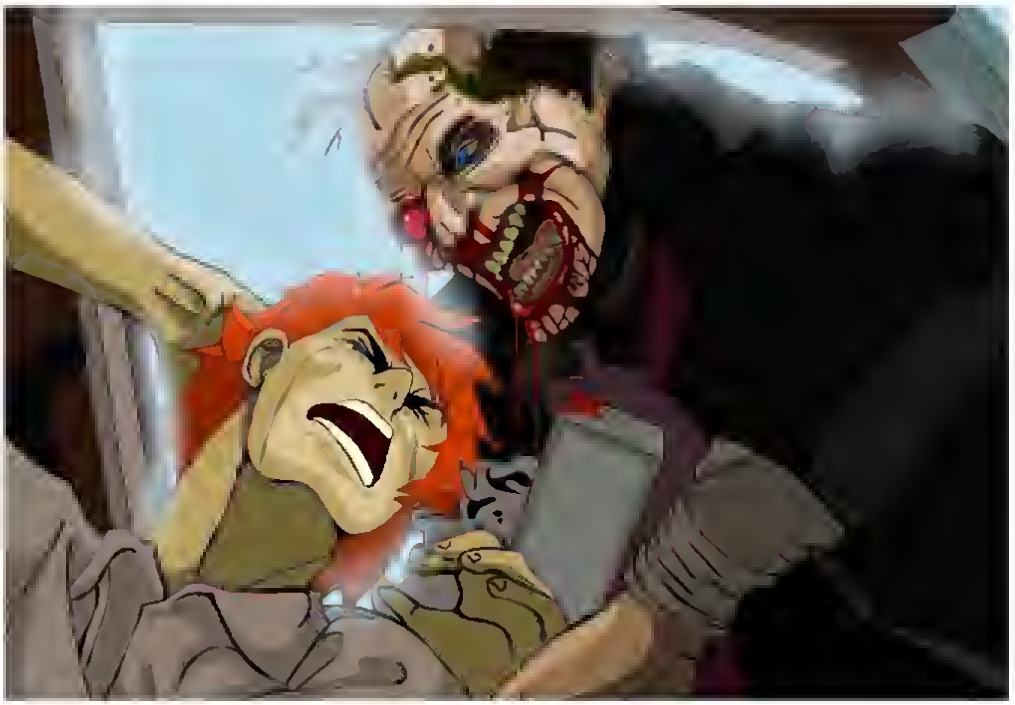





Sarah?







THE INCIDENT THAT AWAKENED ME...

This story happened several years ago, around 1989. I was a 19 year old male enrolled in a small college program for journalism about 60 miles from where I lived and I commuted. I only had class's a couple days a week and worked at home on the farm the other days.

At one point I got into a situation where my car broke down, and I didn't have the money to get a new car yet and I had to arrange a schedule with my adopted dad who was awesome enough to drop me off at campus early before he went to work and pick me up afterwards in the evening. I had this situation for about a semester and a half. He worked at delivering goods from our family farm to bigger markets, so some days he was right down the road from me, on other days sometimes over an hour away, and I would just have to wait. Being that this was three counties away, there was not any public transportation options to get from there to back to my town. If I knew now what I was capable of, the distance wouldn't be an issue.

My schedule those days were typically I would go to the library until classes started, do my classes up to about 1 or 2 pm, sometimes go to the campus gym, and then around 3 pm would bum a ride from classmates to a local town. I would let my mother know from a pay phone that I was at the town so that she could get in touch with my father so he knew to get me from there. This was the days before cell phones so it was hard to get a hold of him if plans changed. (but I do miss the days of the pay phone booths!). I did this routine quite regularly as the school campus was pretty dull. People did not hang out there, they just went to class and went home. To hang out at the school until 5 or 6 pm was like mental torture, especially when most students were gone by about 3 pm. I could only do homework and write so much and then I was bored.

This small town was a better escape for me. I would get a locker to put my books in at a public library, and would spend the next couple of hours checking out the music store, the local arcade (became very good at Galaga), sometimes flirt with girls, and people watch.

The thing I didn't notice was I was being watched by someone who frequented the town too. There was a older man who had been observing me. I found this out as he approached me one dark, dreary looking day and started up a conversation. He said he had wanted to introduce himself to me for a long time and noticed me in town a lot. He said he resided nearby and was eager to become friends. Soon I realized his conversation was not only getting creepy, it was getting rather unbelievable with the things he was saying. He had an odd, offensive smell to him too, if I recall correctly.

He claimed he was heir to a fortune and castle in eastern Europe. I noticed there was a photo and frame store with a poster of Romania in the window within visible distance. I was thinking to myself, "bullshit, this guy just looked up and picked a random picture from within the main street.



stretch and said that, thinking I'm pretty gullible " he also started in about how much he hated his brother, who was standing between himself and his fortune and how he was plotting to get even with him, that what his brother was doing to him was not right .

After trying to find out personal information on me, he then proceeded to try to invite me over to his home nearby to hang out I told him no, my ride was coming in a few minutes I don't know how you go from telling a complete stranger about how you want to kill your brother over money and property and think they would have an interest in hanging with you I then politely said "nice meeting you" and went around a corner pretending a ride was coming I walked around the intersecting road to a fast food joint nearby, ordered food and ate as slow as humanly possible just to kill time I kept looking over my shoulder to make sure he didn't see me walk over there.

6 PM comes and my father shows up I kept pretty quiet about the encounter by the strange older man in town I couldn't help but believe we were being followed as we rode home I checked the rear view mirror a few times and just couldn't see anyone

The weekend came, and my parents had plans to go out of town I was keeping watch over the farm by myself My friend Pete came by and we hung out just talking about life for a few hours until he left. I sat down to watch a horror film I rented on VHS earlier and just relax I kept feeling like I was being watched through the window

I could literally hear something outside. It was a crisp sound, like I could actually hear breathing, but I shrugged it off as one of the farm animals in the barn.

I fell asleep on the couch watching the movie and awoke a moment later when I heard a sound like footsteps in the house. I called out to see if my friend Pete had stopped back for something. There was no answer. A few minutes later, the power went out in the house.

I could hear the intruder breathing and walking. I knew he was nearby, I could just sense it. I could also smell the rancid smell I did a few days ago from meeting the stranger back at the college town. I wasn't really afraid of him, I knew I was bigger and stronger than him. I had brute strength and was forbid to fight growing up, but I knew I might have to abandon that rule tonight to protect my life.

I heard him enter the living room and I pretended that I was asleep on the couch. My senses were going into overdrive and I could actually see him in the total darkness approach the couch. I looked up and saw what looked like razor sharp animal teeth in his mouth. He leaned in and tried to bite my neck.

At that moment, a few of his upper teeth broke off and he looked shocked. I got to my feet and threw him across the room. Uncontrollably something that felt like heat shot from my eyes and I could see it burning him.

"You are not of this earth!" he growled. "It's been hundreds of years since I have seen one of your kind!" He pulled out a small chain from his jacket with shimmering green rocks on it.





I fell to the floor, violently sick and confused. He stood over me and smiled with what was left of his bloodied teeth. He said he and his brother Vlad knew how to deal with my kind and held my neck down with a firm grip.

I kicked an end table over and several knick-knacks fell to the floor. I grabbed at anything I could as I was passing out from lack of oxygen. I grabbed a small silver cross necklace and touched the man's head with it. He screamed.

I started to regain my health and I kicked him through the wall to the outside. I was out in the yard in an instant. Part of our wooden barn fence broke and I picked up a piece of the wood. Not sure if it was out of instinct or anger, I plunged the wooden fence post deep into his chest. Out of fear and disgust I picked him up and threw his limp body upwards to the night sky. I watched him fly upwards until I could see him no more.

I learned I didn't need a car after that and was able to take care of my own transportation problems from then on.

*Clark Kent is a registered trademark of DC Comics.

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Uncoiled Loops

Dark Ambient / Horror Soundtrack Releases

Dark ambient patterns are sampled and looped warped with echoes and never-ending reverb Occasionally the sound flutters like a static flash across the screen The atmospheres are bleak resembling the murky territories Headphone Commute

its superb Sound design is amazing - Fidel um

All of the small differences of the world of ambient drops by from plain drone to cosmic music from carefully falling sounds and more harsher textures, and even dashes of rhythm Vital Weekly

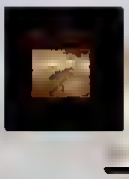
Seemingly unending loops gather and build throughout the record enveloped in soft static, the echoed memory of forgotten samples and angelic ghosts Chain DLK

lo-fi shuffling tones, experimental drones and ambient explorations taking you on a stroll through dark corridors, spooky pathways and eventually a hollow dead end But the road does not stop there as the music beckons for another thoughtful trip Headphone Commute

Nightmares & Dreamscapes
An Ambient/Soundtrack Compilation



Ambient Mechanics – War & Peace



Secant Prime Ambients

Rotation A Dark Ambient Experimental Compilation

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" kind of The Twilight Zone meets the Old West as one of the old Saturday matinee at the bijou one-reelers... cliffhanging... left me wanting more."

"A truly delightful read "The Wild West is about to get weird"? Yes it did And it's groovy

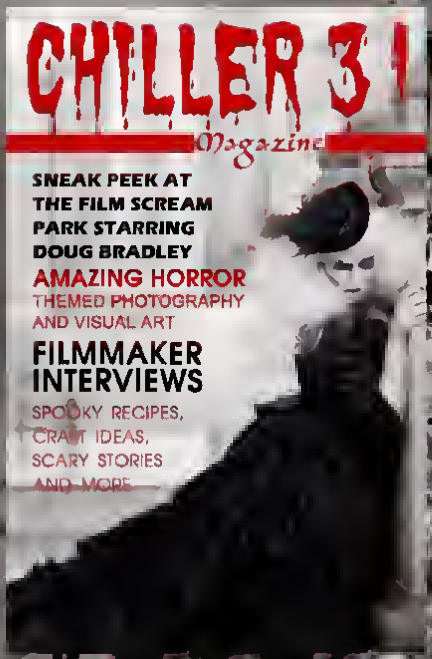
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